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To Brother Celestine.

FEET is it, friend, that we who knew thy ways
Should voice some brief remembrance of thy days;
Thy life was given to a worthy cause,
Avoiding honor and disdaining praise.

And we who followed where the slow hearse led,
And stood above thee, with uncovered head,—
We felt the final separation grow
Deeper and deeper as they wrought thy bed.

But oft at service when the stained light falls
Through the high windows and athwart the walls,
We pray God keep thee in eternal rest,
And lull thy slumber till the Angel calls.

W. P. B.

In the Shadows.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

LAST evening the West was purple behind the dark towers of the Convent. Higher up it was soft green like the light under young leaves, and Hesperus burned as faintly as a single crocus in the tender April grass. Near me a paper-birch was a line of white enamel against the living heaven, and every slender leaf was sharply etched in black. St. Mary's Lake was a vast fire-opal. On the gilded dome, Notre Dame gleamed steadily with her aureole of topaz flame, and the crescent under her feet was aglow against the velvet dusk. A fragrance of mown lawn-grass drifted upon the air for vesper incense.

Then the bells in the tower boomed, and the yellow light flowed out in thin streams from the open church doors and turned the brown-shadowy grass to "emerald newly broken."

The disturbed sparrows twittered sleepily. We chanted the May Litany and went to our evening book. Presently I came by chance upon these lines of Shelley:

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel the pale air:
"Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

This melody lured me out again to be with the night. "The bubble upon the sea of His immensity" had become pearly gray, and it was overlaid with patines of bright gold as a June meadow is powdered with buttercups, but the stars were misty as are eyes seen through tears. Sorin Hall glittered with white and red lights like a gigantic Venetian lamp. There was no wind, but the tide of fragrant air was setting southward. The night would sigh and then hold its breath, and sigh again. The Spiraea bushes in blossom were like gushing fountains stricken into marble.

In the dimness the maples of the avenue were Titanic haycocks. Down near the gate a robin talked in her sleep. No wonder!—an evil deed, even a murder, was done last week in our robin colony on the campus, and the assassins were robins! I pray that I be forgiven for this gossip, but that red-breasted somnambulist last night distinctly muttered: "Wash your hands; put on your night-gown; look not so pale—I tell you yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave!"

While near the House of the Professed I heard a tree-toad on the bank of St. Mary's

Lake springing his watchman's rattle as if it were Holy Thursday night, and a bull-frog was gulping sonorously. This patriarchal frog was swallowing a Minim abandoned at the water-side by distracted Prefects after the postcoenal fishing hour.

I went over towards St. Edward's Hall. My dear friends, "the Minnows," the best men at Notre Dame, or in the world, perhaps, were in their nests like the other sparrows. The dynamos were puffing fiercely, as busy as a hen with a brood of ducklings. A long black line of smoke wavered pennant-like from the tall stack, a stock and whip-lash that Gargantua might wield.

Down through the dusky hollow behind the Presbytery, now strewn with snow from the cottonwood-trees, the path led onward to the quiet God's acre on the hill. In Austria they would call it the *Friedhof*,—the court of peace. The large new crucifix was white among the spring foliage. Those wan arms were opened. He cannot leave us since we fettered His feet with iron upon the rood.

I like to go over among those men that are so still in their green houses. There is no bitterness in that holy place. The round earth wheels from sunshine to dusk, from frost to violets, and we pass with laughter and with pain, but the blessed dreamers there heed not from their deep content. The white clouds float over them as sails on the blue upper deeps and the storm-wrack rushes in black eddies; the flitting birds, with outspread wings, make in shadow the sign of the cross upon the grasses that rustle above their sleep, and the warm rains whisper tearfully; the doves mourn on the slender oaks near by and the locust whirs drowsily through the azure noonday, and night by night the fire-fly lights its tiny lamp above their narrow dwellings; but our brethren, who sleep within the shadow of His riven heart, are not mindful of these trifles. Sleep is sweet when work is done, and when we have learned the stinging savor of Dead-Sea fruit. There were two palm-leaves yet green upon the grave of Brother Celestine, that good, quiet gentleman. When these palm leaves were first laid upon the mound I heard a friend say with full eyes: "I have known that man for thirty years and I never heard a single rough word said to him or about him!" What a noble epitaph! So, Brother, there's rosemary, that's for remembrance!

Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Aristophanes and Greek Tragedy.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.



N reading the history of any ancient nation, of Greece in particular, there is no more noticeable fact than that of the close relationship existing between the state and the poets. At first glance we almost invariably attribute this to the high intellectual culture of Athens, a conclusion that will hardly stand even a superficial study of the customs of the nation. It is due rather to the fact that Athens saw in her poetry more than literary work, and in seeking to satisfy intellectual culture, she sought to please her curiosity as well. It would be mere folly to attempt to deteriorate the literary appreciation of the Athenians. This fact is almost axiomatic, for of all the works that have come down to us from their day and have been declared masterpieces by modern criticism, the great majority had received their due recognition at home and carried off prizes in the dramatic contests.

This is especially true of tragedy, for it was essentially literary. When we turn to comedy, however, a somewhat different aspect presents itself. Comedy, as is natural, viewed the more ludicrous and at the same time the more practical side of human life. Tragedy taught morality by holding up a high ideal—although the belief in fate greatly interfered with this—and by the poet's lofty conceptions filled men with a reverence for the gods. Revenge and jealousy were generally the themes which formed the centres of the plays, and winding about all was a confused labyrinth of mythology and religion. Comedy turns these very themes into ridicule, and never seems to thrive so luxuriantly as when she hurls her invectives against political and religious institutions or attacks openly some celestial dignitary.

It is clear then that upon the comedians fell the greater part of what might be termed the duties of ancient poets to the state. For a person living in the nineteenth century, a time when the press, the novel and even the platform exert such a widespread influence, it is a difficult thing to comprehend the magnitude of these obligations. The time and circumstances then and now are so utterly different that to attempt to compare them by similitudes is almost impossible. It is easier to show the vast difference between the past and the present and

attempt to discover in the old dramatists the power that is now divided among so many various agents. Compared with our largest edifice for a similar purpose, the theatre of the Greeks was a colossal amphitheatre capable of seating as many as thirty thousand spectators. The performances, which generally occupied entire days, took place on great religious festivals, a time when Athens was filled with all conditions of men. That the dramatist kept pace with the social and political questions of the day is shown from the fact that, once presented, a drama was never put before the public for a second time. If another festival was celebrated, other plays must be written, and to reward the authors, prizes were conferred on the one judged most worthy by a committee appointed for the purpose. These are a few only of the advantages that rendered the dramatist such an all-important personage in Greece. With every new play he was expected to treat some burning and appropriate subject. To criticise, and to criticise harshly, was looked upon as the greatest virtue, while to use mercy with the institution attacked was considered little less than a crime.

In the newspaper of to-day we find a striking resemblance to the comic stage at Athens. It fell to the lot of the playwright to supply his audience with the news of the passing year. It was his duty to watch closely the political transactions of ruling powers—to guide public opinion to a condemnation of their policy, if they ruled unjustly, or to hold up the virtues, if any existed, in the administration. Authority looked to the comedian to excite the patriotism of his countrymen if occasion demanded, or, if needs be, to correct their prejudices. His duty, in fact, may be summed up in a line of Aristophanes: *Βελτίωνς ποιεῖ τὸν ἀνθρώπους ἐν ταῖσπολεσσιν.* How similar are those of a modern journalist. A paper expressing the opinions of a certain political party puts forth, in different words perhaps, the same sentiments that are expressed by its contemporaries over the entire country. Freedom of the press is granted to-day as well as to those who wrote in the old democracy at Athens, but it is evident that the influence exerted by the old poets must have been much greater in proportion than that exerted by our newspaper. And this for the simple reason that it was more direct. When a poet presented a play before an Athenian audience, he was practically addressing the entire nation. True, in the case of tragedy, almost half of the spectators were strangers, but comedy was essentially local; and

thus in praising Athens the author was only praising his audience, and in pointing out the defects of the state he was merely exposing the vices of those who sat in the theatre.

Aristophanes is perhaps the best example we can quote to show how all these duties were fulfilled in practice. The grossness and lack of decorum which we often find in his works form a strange contrast to the sublimity and elegance of the masters of the tragedy. The extremes are so different that we inquire with some curiosity, of what sort of character was the people who could receive with equal approbation and expressions of honor the works of an Aristophanes and of an Æschylus. Viewed through the haze of so many centuries we are apt to consider *Greek* and *virtue* synonymous. While on the one hand we do find the highest virtue among the Greeks we should not forget that on the other hand this makes their vices all the more glaring. To-night we find Socrates the talk and admiration of all Athens, an example of their progress in philosophy and literature; to-morrow we find him the laughter of the town, and the man who drags him down and exposes him to the ridicule of his late admirers, exalted to the throne of the fallen philosopher. Shortly we find him murdered, and to add to the absurdities he is afterwards deified and worshipped. If we would understand their fickleness still more we would only have to call to mind the story of Pyrnicus fined because he was too pathetic, of Alcibiades, and of that Cratinus to whom the Greeks erected a monument in remembrance of his virtues, and inscribed thereon only the words that he was a drunkard.

These were the difficulties that a poet had to contend with in creating a lasting impression upon such a people. But still they had many weak points against which a skilful man could successfully direct an assault. They were vain-glorious and self-conceited, and when appeals were made to these weaknesses they were not in vain. The most unrefined flattery was received by them with open ears, owing to their credulousness. They acknowledged Euripides a master of the tragedy, but did not hesitate furiously to applaud Aristophanes, when he would bitterly satirize him in one of his latest plays. In fact, as a modern writer has aptly remarked, "they were a seeing and a hearing, not a reading public." The present was of the greatest moment, and their sudden changes of opinion put them completely at the mercy of a shrewd orator. Such is very possible, and though Aristophanes, by the very temperament

of his audience, was aided greatly towards winning his point, still we are forced to admire him for his great facility of speech, his sudden changes of wit, and his most daring utterances, spoken at a time when his audience was least expecting it.

It may be asked why it was of such great importance that a poet should win the approbation of the audience or not. A very brief glance at the conditions of affairs will show that it was of as much importance as the outcome of a political campaign or election today. The soldier and the statesman held the principal places among the Greeks. Every man was called upon to be a soldier—every man was called upon to be a statesman—much more so than in our own country today. There were no representatives of the people, for occasion did not demand it; but the legislative assembly called for every man in person. Again the Grecian theatre was the resort of men; and just as female characters were never seen upon the stage, so also they were seldom seen in the theatre. It is evident then that if a poet opposing or advocating war, or any law that was to be enacted should win the approval of twenty-five thousand spectators, he had done a great deal towards obtaining victory or defeating whatever he opposed. Even the enemies of Aristophanes must have been forced to admire him when they saw the successful manner in which he swayed an audience like this, shaping their own opinions of political affairs according to his own true ideas of what was right and wrong, and safely piloting the state through many difficulties and intricacies which might have resulted in her premature ruin.

All this served to put the poet in a very important relation to the state. But by far the most responsible duty that devolved upon him was that of moralist. He watched over the ethics as well as the politics of the state, and we find this very strikingly illustrated in most of the important plays of antiquity. While the apparent object of almost all of the critical dramas is to attack some flaw in the politics of the state, yet the author often aims deeper and discovers the true cause in the people itself. This moral generally pertains to religion, or is directed against superstition, for the poets were a religious set of men and attempted to bring the gods into greater respect. If true to their calling, they set at naught the opinions of even such a defiant people as the Atheinans, and were persistent in their defence of what was

right. If true poets, they spoke in language that, to such a Bohemian nation as Greece, more than counteracted the effects of the injury to their prejudices. If conscious of the great responsibility of their office, they painted for youth an awful picture of vice in its most hideous colors, invoking them to seek the paths of virtue instead, and to those who had already gone astray, to repent was their admonition. For both they held up the image of true poetry and invited all to share in its pleasures. But the hypocritical demagogue, undermining all that was good in the nation and living like a parasite on its corruption, they pursued with the harshest invectives until they succeeded in driving him from his hiding place, and exposing him before the public. The chorus, which speaks the sentiments the author would have his audience hold, is loud in its condemnation of any man who is either ignorant of its sacred rites,

ἡ στάσιν ἐγέραν μὴ καταλύει, μηδὲ
εὔκυλός εστι πολίταις,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀνεγειρεῖ καὶ διπλέει, κερδῶν
ἰδίων ἐπιθυμῶν,
ἡ τῆς πόλεως χειραζομένης ἄρχων
καταδωρόουσεται.

Aristophanes has been severely blamed by many critics for the low and coarse scenes with which we find his plays replete, and some commentators on the text have gone so far as to completely revise it, finding much that is of no value to an understanding of the plays. The scenes of low buffoonery which we find in Aristophanes could hardly be said to be courted by him as "art for art's sake." On the contrary, the attempt to excuse everything in an author as good is an equally foolish extreme. Still the reason of Aristophanes' occasional descent to common vulgarity seems to be very evident. In dealing with his audience—the majority of whom were of as low a moral standard as vice itself—a poet must be extremely cautious as to his methods. To accuse them openly, speaking in high and poetical language, would certainly have met with an almost unanimous disapproval. In order that his words may strike home, the audience must be put off its guard, and precepts on morality uttered by a degraded Bacchus or Xanthias would certainly have more weight with an Athenian audience than would the same precepts in the mouth of a saint. Virtue never strikes home so deeply as when it is preached by a Mephistopheles. The comic poet seems to appreciate this. He claims that there is a proper time for everything, and in his own chorus he condemns

the man who delights in scurrilous utterances
 . . . η βαριολόγοις ἐπεστι χαιρεῖ,
 except, he adds wisely, when they play their
 part in due season.
 μὴν καίρω τοῦτο ποιοῦσιν

It is a fact observed by many commentators that the more important the mission that the poet has to preach, the more vicious the evil he would eradicate, the deeper does he descend into vice, and it is only then that he dares teach precepts that ordinarily would be greeted with laughter and hisses. A crowd defiant and stubborn before an artless argument will cower before a sudden turn of wit, a mere gesture from an actor or a simple piece of bitter sarcasm. In fact, if we wish to understand Aristophanes, or any comic writer of Greece, we must not regard their plays in the light of modern farces. "The Frogs," "The Clouds," and numerous others, are more properly termed criticisms, and unless the reader keeps in mind the object for which the play was written he certainly cannot be able to appreciate the play. Every jest and piece of sarcasm has its meaning; every example of ribaldry is but a leading up to some important reproach, and if we would discover what is good in the poet, if we would see his virtues, we must learn to tolerate these literary defects.

The Captain's Neck-Tie Party.

M. J. N.

Neck-tie parties have always been popular amusements in the mountains. They were instituted, so tradition goes, by the old maids whose matrimonial prospects were decreasing each year, and who devised this means of meeting the young men.

For the information of the uninitiated we shall give a brief outline of what a neck-tie party really is. Now these aforesaid old maids conspire, at certain periods of the year, to get new dresses, and each one makes a neck-tie of the same material as her dress. Then these neck-ties are put together in a bag and shuffled, and each maid invites her favorite swain to the neck-tie party. Each gentleman is blindfolded and draws from the bag a neck-tie, and the lady whose dress matches the goods of the neck-tie must be his partner for the evening. As the number of neck-ties corresponds exactly with the number of ladies present and men invited, there is no danger of any one being

without a partner and wall-flowers are unknown. Of course, there are disappointments, just as there were in choosing Portia's caskets, and it is often proved, as in Bassanio's case, that the rarest jewels are often dressed in the most commonplace garb. But the phrase, neck-tie party, like many other innocent and respectable nouns of our language, has been perverted by those pests of society who are called, by way of courtesy, punsters, until it has come to mean the tying by a mob of a rope about a criminal's neck. And this is the kind of a neck-tie party which took place at Ophir a few years ago, and which it is our present purpose to recount.

Like all mining towns, Ophir had come into existence as does a bed of mushrooms, and the myriads of white canvas tents scattered upon the hill-side and along the ravine made the simile still more striking. Ophir had few stores, not to speak of schools or churches; but a Methodist divine from the neighboring city of Silverton held services each Sunday evening over the Hub Saloon, and tried hard to make his refractory brethren walk the straight and narrow path. But while he urged them on to a higher life, and grew eloquent over the Scriptures, the jingle of the "faro chips" down stairs nearly drowned out his voice. He was, however, too sensible to become demonstrative, for he knew the miners well enough to know that they will brook anything sooner than tyranny.

On this, the day before election, the cup that cheers had gone round so often that, as Sir Walter Scott says, sense and sorrow both were drowned. Free-silver was the popular doctrine; indeed it was quite unsafe to speak otherwise than in favor of the white metal; for it was the cast-iron opinion of the Ophirites that anyone who would not vote for General James B. Weaver was a bigger fool than Thompson's colt.

Cap. Cameron was the most enthusiastic man in camp—aye! he was wildly enthusiastic, and whenever a vantage ground showed itself, such as a beer keg, or an inverted tub, Cap. would get on top of it and make a free-silver speech. And Cap's speeches—ye gods! but they were eloquent floods. They never saw them in cold print, but the Ophirites felt sure that Cap. could throw Demosthenes far into the shade, and make Cicero turn green with envy. Cap. always began his speeches by recounting the dreadful ills which the demonetization of silver had brought upon the country, and always reached his climax by emphasizing his conviction that those men who had opposed the Bland bill, would, when they

shuffled off, go to that calorific region, where fire-escapes are unknown, and where even the anti-silver Democrats and Republicans need not expect any cold-storage snap.

But there were those among the Captain's auditors who differed with him not in his free-silver tenets, but in his opinions about the Republicans, and among those was one Jim Bowman. Jim's father was a Republican, and so was his father's father, and he believed he could retrace his Republican ancestors back to Noah's Ark. Yea! the name Republican was a sort of heirloom to him, and, therefore, he felt sure that the Captain was talking through his head-gear. He did not hesitate to tell him so, and thereby hangs a tale.

Now Cap. and Jim became much involved in an argument about the relative merits of Republicans and free-silver men, and Jim used a most vilifying adjective before the sacred name of free-silver, and Cap. responded with a terrible tirade against the Republicans, and, by way of emphasis, plunged a knife into Jim's breast. Jim fell bleeding profusely and was carried into Thorp's drug-shop, where Doctor Yates stated that the wound was serious enough to cause death.

Ophir had not risen to such dignity as to support a chief of police, or sheriff. Indeed the only tribunal of justice in the camp was the Vigilance Committee which inflicted condign punishment on all offenders. In a few minutes the Captain was in the hands of the Vigilance Committee, and inquiries were made as to his guilt. The leader, George Hemphill, stated that, in his opinion, the Captain was guilty of a very grave offence and should be dealt with summarily.

The Committee took a vote as to whether the Captain should be put in jail to await the outcome of Bowman's injury, or be hanged at once. The ballot resulted in favor of hanging. In a few minutes a man was seen coming from the San Juan Hardware Company's store with several yards of rope on his arm. Of this he made a noose and threw it about the prisoner's neck, and for a few minutes it looked as though Cap. would be jerked into the kingdom come.

A cow-boy, who stood by, put spurs to his mustang and was soon "hitting the high places" between Ophir and Cunningham Gulch, to tell Cap's family of his misfortune. The Committee put Cap. in a wagon and started for the big pine tree on the side of Comanche Hill, the scene of all Ophir's hangings. The rope was thrown over a limb and Cap. was asked if

he had aught to say. He responded in a brief but pointed speech, saying that he felt sorry for Jim Bowman personally, but that he was willing to be hanged since he had rid the world of one republican. As he looked toward the west and his eyes rested, as he thought, for the last time on the setting sun, he caught sight of some one on horse-back coming at great speed along the trail that leads from Cunningham Gulch. Cap's face brightened and tears came into his eyes as he said to Hemphill: "You'll not pull that rope until Rosy bids me good-bye."

"Who, and where is Rosy?" asked Hemphill.

"The dearest girl that ever loved a father," said Cap., almost breaking down, "yonder she comes," and he pointed to the rider who had now approached near enough to be distinguished as a young woman.

She rode a dark mustang, which she incessantly patted on the neck and urged with "On! on! Moscow! on! on!" And Moscow did come on; for his feet seemed to touch only the high places along the trail. The girl's long black hair flew to the breeze, while her dark eyes flashed fire as she flew up Comanche Hill, pressed her way through the crowd, and threw her arms about the Captain's neck.

Not one of the Vigilance Committee spoke or stirred, while Rosy wept and the Captain spoke consolingly to her.

"Enough," said Hemphill. "Come away now, girl, your father must die."

"He shall not!" said Rosy defiantly, "you shall not hang my father!"

"Your words are idle, child," said Hemphill. "We have no wish to be harsh with you, but you must leave this spot at once; your father deserves death, and this Committee must not be foiled in its work of justice."

Rosy loosened the noose about her father's neck sufficiently to place her own head within it; then turning to Hemphill she said:

"Now you may pull the rope, we will die together, but you shall not hang my father without also hanging me."

An awful hush fell over the crowd, and as the last rays of the dying day fell upon Rosy's tear-stained but beautiful face, with her arms about her condemned father's neck, many a rough miner brushed away a tear that had come unbidden at the pathetic scene before him. While Hemphill, in a voice that was obviously husky, said: "No, we will not hang your father, Rosy, he may go free providing Jim Bowman gets well. But if Jim dies he'll have to pay the penalty."

Varsity Verse.

FIELD FLOWERS.

The green buds break in the sun;
 The petals shelter the gathering dew;
 They wither when frost is begun,
 But rise when the spring gives them life anew.

 Slow wave they in the sunny gold,
 Twixt earth's fair green
 And heaven's blue,
 Breathing from their fairy fold
 Remembrances of old,
 Where once peeped unseen
 From out the broad and mellow sheen
 Of summer sunbeams,
 Where once they grew
 Close by the road where many a knight
 Rode proudly by,
 And many a beggar, bending low,
 Trod wearily, where rich and poor,
 On prancing steeds, with humble pace.
 Went through the flowery moor.

E. J. M.

THE CHIMES.

O the bells, sweet bells!
 How their melody swells'
 From the towers of fair Notre Dame;
 How it rises on high
 To the deep blue sky
 From the towers of fair Notre Dame.

 Ringing out o'er lake,
 O'er forest and brake
 From the towers of fair Notre Dame,
 Sending forth their prayer,
 Thro' the calm, still air,
 From the towers of fair Notre Dame.

 How the clear notes flow
 O'er the swift St. Joe,
 From the towers of fair Notre Dame,
 And like sweet tongued fairies
 They sweep o'er St. Mary's
 From the towers of fair Notre Dame.

 O in distant climes
 We will think of those chimes
 In the tower of old Notre Dame,
 And oft we'll recall
 How their notes sweetly fall
 From the towers of old Notre Dame.

J. McN.

THE MINOR OF ALL THINGS.

All in the dazzling, shining, shifting light of sun,
 The long, long weary toil of life is but begun,
 The sun fades, and it is done.

 All in the fragrant, clustered blossoms of the tree,
 The time of tender youth seems joyful, fair and free,
 The mellow fruit—maturity.

 All in the cloudless, boundless sea of blue;
 At rest; but in it little, wavy, sunny cloudlets strew,
 Our sorrows bring joys anew.

 The day, the night, the flowers that in winter nod
 They mark the path which all created things must trod.
 Eternity is God.

E.C.

Three Early Novels by Edward Eggleston.

HORACE A. WILSON, '97.

In the preface to one of his novels, Edward Eggleston says: "It has been objected that I have copied life too closely; but it seems to me that the work to be done just now is to represent the forms and spirit of our own life, and thus free ourselves from habitual imitation of that which is foreign." With this idea constantly in his mind, he began his literary career. It was his wish to portray correctly certain forms of American life and manners. How he has succeeded can best be judged from a careful reading of his three earliest novels—"The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The End of the World" and "The Mystery of Metropolisville." After the publication of these works, Eggleston became recognized as one of the most vigorous of American novelists. Owing to their vividness of description and the unfamiliarity of the subjects portrayed, they became very popular in Europe. By them their author founded a special field in novels of pioneer life on the outskirts of western civilization.

"The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Eggleston's first book, printed in 1871, met with such success that it emboldened him to give up his other literary work and devote himself exclusively to novel-writing. The scene is laid in Southern Indiana—in the backwoods—and treats of the life of young Ralph Hartsook while he was teacher of the Flat District School. It is told in a simple, straightforward style. The dialect is very odd, though easily read. The characters, without exception, have a distinctive individuality, and their quaintness and simplicity are very interesting.

The story runs as follows: Ralph Hartsook calls upon "old Jack Means," the school-trustee, in the hope of getting the position of teacher of the district school. Despite the trustee's unfavorable report, Ralph accepts the position and lodges at the Means house. Here he becomes acquainted with "Bud" Means, the stalwart son of the trustee, who enjoys the reputation of having whipped "the last master," Mirandy Means, who takes a fancy to the young teacher, and Mrs. Means, who, in her occasional talks with Ralph, lets fall her favorite remark: "Git a plenty while you're a gittin."

His first few days at school and the incidents that happened during that time are graphically described. The account of the spelling-match

is exceedingly well told. It is here that the heroine of the story appears in the person of "Hannah," a true-hearted, simple girl, the sister of Shoky, the little pupil to whom Ralph had taken a fancy.

After Ralph's stay with the Means, he goes over to Pete Jones, another one of the school-trustees. While there, he discovers that his host is a member of a gang of theives who have lately committed a robbery. Pete Jones and Dr. Small, the villain of the story and, according to later developments, the leader of the gang, stir up suspicion against Ralph, which finally causes him to give himself up and stand a trial. The trial scene is well pictured. Everything seems to be going against Ralph, when Bud Means compels Walter Johnson, the tool of Dr. Small, to confess all. Ralph and his staunch friend Mr. Pearson, who has also been arrested, are therefore acquitted. After this Ralph goes to Lewisburgh, where he marries Hannah, and everything ends happily. There is a vein of pathos running through the entire book. This is evident throughout in the characters of Shoky and Bud Means, the true, manly, honest Bud who, despite his unfavorable home surroundings, displays his inborn goodness. To use his own rather irreverent expression, he "puts in his best licks" for the Lord.

The novel is not lacking in humor. Mr. Eggleston has a broad sense of humor, which he exhibits through the speeches of his characters. The sermon of Mr. Bosaw with his "Come Buck-ah" is laughable, while the description of Squire Hankins is nearly as good as Irving's description of Ischabod Crane. Mr. Eggleston's fund of humor is best displayed in "The End of the World," his second novel. Like "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," the scene is laid in Indiana. The story derives its title and plot from the excitement caused by Millerism as preached by Elder Hankins.

Surely the author was right when he called "The End of the World" a love story, for it certainly is a very delicate portrayal of the love of two young people. Julia Anderson falls in love with August Wehle, her father's "help." The parents hearing of the attachment dismiss August from their service. At this point in the story comes the villain Humphreys, with his watch-seals and his jaunty cane, and palms himself off as a singing master. He gains the good-will of Mrs. Anderson, boards at the house, and with a motive of getting Mr. Anderson's many acres, he begins the conquest of his daughter. He hesitates at no means that

will make Julia think August faithless. He wellnigh accomplishes his end, but oversteps himself and lays bare his duplicity. He then disappears for a time. During his absence August, who is working on an Ohio steamboat, meets him, and discovers that he is a gambler.

After August has been dismissed from his position, he comes to the "Castle," the residence of Julia's uncle, "the backwoods philosopher," as he is called. Here August is taken ill. In the meantime Jonas, August's friend, hears of Humphreys' gambling, gives him a few hints, and the "Hawk" suddenly disappears from the village and from the story as well. The last day, according to Elder Hankins, is now at hand. August and Julia, although not firmly believing in the doctrines of Millerism decide to become married before they are precipitated into a new world. The marriage ceremony is performed at the "Castle," and after the scare concerning the end of the world has past, a reconciliation is effected between August and his wife's parents.

The story is interesting from beginning to end. The characters, as in the former novel, are types of the Indiana "backwoods," and give evidence that Mr. Eggleston has carefully studied the people of that region. The gathering on "the mount of ascension" to await the end of the world is vividly pictured, though it savors of the ridiculous.

In "The Mystery of Metropolisville," the author seeks a new clime in which to lay the scene of his story—in a section of Minnesota which is familiar to me. It chronicles the story of Albert Charlton, a young student who has come to Metropolisville to see his mother and sister. The fury of speculation is at its highest pitch, and the little town is in the hands of the land-grabbers—the principal one of whom is his step-father, Mr. Plausaby. Charlton on his arrival discovers that his sister Katie is in love with Smith Westcott, an unprincipled fellow. Albert aided by Isabel Maralay, whom he afterwards marries, attempts to stop Katie from seeing Westcott, but all in vain. One evening, while Katie and Isabel are sailing, Westcott enters the boat, which capsizes, and Katie is drowned.

After the finding of the body, the first inkling of the mystery appears in a newspaper report which states that Charlton had been arrested for stealing a land-warrant of Smith Westcott. Although pleading "not guilty," the evidence is against him and he is sentenced to prison. After a time his mother confesses to have taken

the warrant at the instigation of her husband. Charlton therefore is set free.

"The Mystery of Metropolisville" does not reach the standard of the two former novels. The plot is rather loosely put together, and the story is lacking in artistic precision. Two-thirds of the book is taken up with an introduction, as it were, and we do not arrive at the main point from which the title was derived until near the end. Despite these defects, Mr. Eggleston's faculty of characterization is as strong as in his two earlier works. Some of the characters are drawn from persons whom Eggleston met while visiting Minnesota.

I have every reason for believing that Mr. Eggleston is fond of studying men's characters and then reproducing them in certain personages in his novels. From descriptions of Eggleston's appearance while a boy, I am led to think that the character of Shoky in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" represents the author himself.

Edward Eggleston's three earliest novels, apart from their literary merit, are valuable as histories of the early life in the West. The first two give us a clear and accurate knowledge of the speech, manners and customs of the settlers in Indiana, while the last is a picture of the early growth and settlement of Minnesota.

Book Notes.

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By A. D. F. Hamlin, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Architecture, Columbia College. New York. 8vo. pp. xxv., 411. Longmans, Green & Co. New York.

The "History of Architecture" is a neatly published work adapted to the use either of student or general reader. As text-book it is a concise and orderly setting forth of the main principles of architecture followed by the different schools. The life history of each period is brief yet thorough. For those who may desire a deeper and more critical knowledge of the subject, the author has placed a good bibliography at the head of each chapter.

Starting with primitive and prehistoric architecture, the writer takes the periods in the following order: Egyptian, Chaldean and Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Early Christian and Byzantine. Five chapters, by far the most interesting of the entire work, are devoted to the Gothic and the architecture of the Renaissance. Early Mediæval, Oriental, Mohammedan classic revivals in Europe, Recent Archi-

ecture in the old and new worlds are also treated. As a reference, there is placed under each period a list of monuments, wide and satisfactory. The treatment is broad and not over-critical. The chief facts are so grouped that the student can easily grasp them. The plan-drawings are clear-cut and serve their purpose admirably. The half-tone illustrations are modern in selection and treatment. The style is clear, easy and pleasing. The entire production shows a studious and orderly mind. A new and pleasing characteristic is the absence of all discussion on disputed points. In its unity, clearness and simplicity lie its charm and interest.

—"The Child of God" and the "Bread of Angels" are two small prayer-books of recent publication by Benziger Bros. The former, prepared especially for children, will no doubt be received with great pleasure by those for whom it is intended, although for ordinary use it is rather just too small to be convenient. The latter, a large and more comprehensive work, and devoted especially to the interests of first Communicants, is one of the neatest works we have seen of its kind, and we feel sure that its worth will be fully appreciated.

—Uniform with De Nadillac's "Prehistoric Americans" is the first volume of the "Summer-School Essays," published by D. H. McBride & Co., of Chicago. Narrow 18mos, these little books are the handiest we have seen in many days, just the sort to slip into one of your coat pockets if you are going on a ramble and would have something to read while you rest. Their contents are not "summer reading," though, for no one would accuse Monsignor D'Harlez, the distinguished Orientalist, of trifling with a subject such as "Buddhism and Christianity." Blavataky is a name not yet unfamiliar to the tongue, and many who found the Anglo-Hindu "prophetess" a riddle will, after reading Monsignor D'Harlez' essay, wonder in what lay her charm. "Buddhism and Christianity" is an admirable *rèsumé* of the salient differences between the two systems, the best brief essay we have ever read on the subject. There are half a dozen other papers in the little book, all valuable and interesting: "Christian Science and Faith Cure," by Dr. T. P. Hart; "Growth of Reading Circles," by Rev. T. McMillan, C. S. P.; "Reading Circle Work," by Rev. W. J. Dalton; "Church Music," by Rev. R. Furh, O. S. F.; "Catholic Literary Societies," by Katharine E. Conway, and "Historical Criticism," by Rev. P. C. De Smedt, S. J.

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—Here at Notre Dame we seem to make officers that we may mock at them. We elect them with a chorus of hurrahs, and before the echoes have died away we begin to note their errors of judgment, if not absolute breaches of faith. Once in a great while we get men who are indifferent to the sort of public opinion that is hatched in dark hall-ways, and we have a captain or a manager who serves his term literally "to the bitter end." It is a lamentable fact that the most of our active officers decline a renomination, if they have had the fortitude or good fortune to finish their season. There were two captains for the '94 eleven, two captains for the '95 baseball team, and now the Varsity of '96 has beaten all previous records by requiring three captains. It is a shame and a disgrace that life should be made miserable for "those having authority" by interested outsiders. It is unmanly and cowardly to persecute men in such manner, and the better element of the student-body should protest against it. Send the offenders to Coventry!

Yes, it was a Waterloo, if you will; but if we have not yet learned to bear defeat like men, it is high time we were learning. Thursday's game was a disappointment, a bitter disappointment, but we have no cause to be

discouraged. The Varsity was wofully out of form, but at least they were honest and gentlemanly, and they played as well as they could. We are far from being satisfied with the work the men did in the field and at bat—some of the errors, indeed, were almost pathetic—but the game showed plainly that we have good material which can be worked rapidly into shape. Some of the men have been none too faithful in their practice; but their playing yesterday made it clear that they no longer have the foolish idea that baseball is a matter of intuition. It was evident, too, that they felt the reproach of their failure, and that in the future, "grounds" and "liners" must be very hot indeed to get outside the diamond. This is the right spirit, a little late in manifesting itself, perhaps, but irresistible, now that it is aroused. The Gold and Blue was never created to float at half-mast, and another week will put it where we are accustomed to see it, as high as halliards will pull it—at the very peak.

—So many youths of our acquaintance have been going about, for the last fortnight, wrapt in deep thought and muttering unintelligible nothings to an imaginary audience, that we are constrained to believe that the Oratorical contest will be a thing of numbers. We are as long suffering, we imagine, as the majority of men, but we always protest against the infliction of unnecessary pain. And so we would propose that there be preliminary contests for places in the finals. Washington Hall enjoys no special exemption from the natural law which decrees that all places south of the Arctic Circle shall be uncomfortably warm in June. Three, or at most, four orations are quite enough to satisfy the undergraduate thirst for eloquence, and the undergraduate, because he is in this case typical of the human race, should be considered. We are willing to sacrifice personal comfort and convenience *pro bono publico*, but we decline to be made martyrs to the good of individuals. The oft-repeated speech, "Oh! I don't expect to win; I'm just going in for the practice, you know," is as familiar to most of us as anything in "Hamlet." We have always been opposed to amateur vivisection, and we see no reason why budding orators should be allowed to wreak their will on us. Let us have preliminary contests in elocution and oratory, and we promise renewed interest in the public trials. Four speeches or declamations in an evening is not too heroic or homeopathic a dose.

Silhouettes and Sketches.

II.—THE BROWNSON CAMPUS.

If it is true that places are dear or hateful for the associations that cling to them, certainly the Brownson Campus is first in the hearts of every man and boy who has worn the Gold and Blue. "The Yard" it was in the old days when Brownsons and Carrolls were yet unchristened, and to some of the Alumni it will always be "The Yard," the scene of our first triumphs and earliest defeats in inter-collegiate athletics. Match games were rare in the eighties, and it is only within the last four or five years that we

track teams, too, in those days and one at least of our "old boys," Hal Jewett, will long be remembered as an American champion in the sprints.

These are the traditions that are common to all who have lived "beneath the shadow of the Dome." The mere mention of "the Yard" rouses a host of memories in every "old boy's" heart, brings up scenes of the wildest enthusiasm and of the blankest despair, moments when you felt that it was good to be a Notre Dame man, when the treasures of princes were inadequate to reward the fellow who had just pounded the ball to deep centre, or made a thirty-yard dash to a touch-down and victory. These are the moments that will be remembered longest, the



THE BROWNSON CAMPUS.

have had anything like a regular schedule for either the spring or autumn season. Indeed, football at Notre Dame was of quick growth, for the '93 Varsity was the first that ever took more than a dilettante interest in the game. Baseball is richer in traditions, and in various old albums we wot of there are photographs of teams that played before the war in "peg-top" trousers and sombreros of wheaten straw. There were no inter-collegiate games, and Anson's batting and Cooper's delivery were famous only within a very narrow circle. But the games were all played on the same old diamond, and the first canvas and moleskin at the University went to earth within a stones-throw of the present pitcher's box. There were

high lights on the canvas-drama of your college days. But there are other pictures on the same background, quieter and less impressionistic, with outlines which time has softened to the tenderest of half-tones. There are many claiming Notre Dame as the home of their school days, who knew not Carroll or St. Edward's, and to whom Sorin was as a hope long deferred. Few, indeed, have there been who did not spend at least one year in Brownson, and to the great majority it was their all in all. The friends made in Brownson are the friends of our college days, for at no time do boys draw nearer than during the Brownson age. The constant association in the study-hall and class-room, the dormitory life, the walks about the quadrangle in the

evening when the shadows of Science Hall and the "Tech" building stretch wide and cool across the campus—all this helps you to discover for yourself "the brother of your soul," the chum who is to be your dearest friend in life. For college friendships are the truest and most unselfish attachments men may make, and college days are the days of enthusiasm and devotions untainted by "business considerations." The college is your only true democracy, a little oasis in the desert of society, where men are valued only for their manliness, good-fellowship, and cleverness, where money and social position are of minor importance. And they who have been dwellers in Utopia do not soon forget the mildness and the justice of the laws, and the joy they had to be of that goodly company.

It is not easy to see the poetry of college life while you are yet a Freshman—aye, or even a Senior. The graduate begins to realize it on Commencement morning, but it may be years and scores of years before the vision bursts upon him. The pictures of Raphael were more beautiful a century after he made his last brush-stroke than when they leaped glowing and quivering on his quick canvas. The lyrical quality of Horace's songs is not so evident when you have sixty lines to dig out within the hour; but a twelvemonth later it takes only a peep into your Chase and Stuart to make you a passionate admirer of their music and exquisite beauty. And the Brownson Campus, with its weather-browned "grand-stand," its ugly drab "diamonds" and rickety goal-posts, set all in a sea of living green, is transfigured in the eyes of every "old grad."

D.V.C.

Notre Dame, 6—Northwestern, 15.

An ideal day for baseball, and the worst match game we have ever witnessed at Notre Dame! That is a curious combination, but a real one. Northwestern won an unearned victory, last Thursday, and the Varsity played in the poorest form they have shown this year. The infield lingered about their bases, refusing chances again and again, and missing easy grounders with the greatest of equanimity. For Fagan's wildness there is some excuse, the changing of the distance between the plate and the pitcher's box was sufficient to put him out. Gibson was more successful, however, and the magnificent game he pitched in the last four innings was the one thing we care to remember

about the game. With both hands crippled, it was a plucky thing to face a batter at all, but it was a splendid thing to strike out seven men and allow but one to score in five innings. Browne caught a steady game, and made one or two sensational catches, and Daly got one fly in professional style. The work of the other men was distinctly ragged.

The game opened with the visitors at bat. Two singles, a double and a couple of errors combined to net the visitors three runs. Browne opened nicely with a liner too hot to handle and cantered down to first. Daly followed suit, but Lowes was too quick, and in less time than it takes to tell, he, Leesley and Cullen had a double play to their credit. The side was retired by Kelly's striking out. In the second inning Northwestern could not find Fagan, and they added nothing to their score. Monahan flew out to Lowes; Hindel rapped a pretty hit and over Lowes, and scored on Hesse's clean two-base hit.

In the third Northwestern took a great big jump. Bases on balls and inexcusable errors on our part, and nicely bunched hits by Witter, Allen, Snyder and Jeter gave the Evanstonians four new tallies for their score. The Varsity men made a good attempt, but failed to place their hits.

The fourth inning only netted one run for the visitors despite the numerous errors and bases on balls. Snyder crossed the rubber forced in by wild pitching. The Northwestern men failed to do even decent work in their half of the field. Two men were forced across the plate and three more scored on hits and errors. The batting of Browne and Daly was the feature. The fifth inning was almost a repetition of the third for Northwestern. A base on balls, a base on errors and the batting of Witter, Crippen, Jeter and Snyder piled up five more runs for the visitors, while the Varsity was retired in short order on two high flies and a slow infield hit. Gibson was put in the box in the fifth inning, doing splendid work for the remainder of the game, and allowing the visitors but three scattered hits resulting in only one run. The Varsity men were never in the race after this, retiring in one, two, three order in the last four innings. The game was featureless, almost; as listless as a practice game. But the Varsity needed a good thrashing to make them realize that a game of baseball should not be a series of tableau. Sharp work and hard work for the next week will give us a victory next Friday. Wake up, gentlemen of the Varsity!

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	L.B.	S.H.	P.O.	E.
Browne (Cap't), c.	4	0	1	0	9	2
Daly, l. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Kelly, 1st b.	4	0	0	0	10	2
Monahan, r. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Hindel, s. s.	4	2	2	0	1	2
Hesse, c. f.	4	0	1	0	1	1
Sauter, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	4	1
Gibson, 2d b. and p.	4	1	0	0	1	2
Fagan, p.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Boulger, 2d b.	2	0	0	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	36	6	5	1	27	10
NORTHWESTERN	A.B.	R.	L.B.	S.H.	P.O.	E.
Lowes, 3 b.	6	2	3	0	5	0
Leesley, 1 b.	6	1	0	0	9	1
Witter (cap't), c. f.	6	2	3	0	2	1
Crippen, c.	6	1	1	0	4	0
Allen, 2d b.	6	1	1	0	2	0
Jeter, r. f.	6	2	4	0	1	0
Snyder, s. s.	6	4	3	0	1	2
Becker, l. f.	6	1	0	0	2	0
Easton, p.	6	1	1	0	1	0
<i>Totals</i>	54	15	16	0	27	4

Summary:—Earned Runs, Notre Dame, 2; Northwestern, 4. Two Base Hits—Hesse, Witter. Stolen Bases—Brown, Sauter, Lowes. Double plays—Fagan to Kelly to Sauter, Lowes to Leesley to Allen, Allen to Leesley. Bases on Balls—off Gibson, 2; Fagan, 6; Easton, 3. Struck out—by Gibson, 7; by Easton, 2. Wild Pitch, Gibson. Time of game, two hours, 45 minutes. Umpire, McManus.

Exchanges.

It is not usual to perceive in any of our exchanges a marked improvement in the last number on that immediately preceding. Such a happy distinction has been achieved by the current issue of the *Magazine* of the University of Virginia, which magazine is, as we expected, quickly striding, under the present management, to the position it enjoyed under the former management. Among this month's contributions in verse are found specimens of the erotic, epigrammatic and burlesque—a variety sufficiently indicative of versatility. The articles in prose are confined to the story class. As a whole, both these departments are ably written, but they would, we believe, be more attractive were they free from signs of straining after effect. This, however, is a defect which is more easy to criticise than to avoid. We have been taught to look for the tid-bits of the *Magazine* in its "Aftermath" column, and find them represented this time by "Unrequited," an exquisite bit of gay chiming provoking sorrowful echoes in a heart that mourns for what can never be.

* * *
The Fordham *Monthly* has some verses in Latin, commemorative of an incident connected

with the Resurrection, and an article on Robert Louis Stevenson. We mention these contributions with pleasure, because during this year the editors of this college paper have thought fit to give us but comparatively few evidences of what is usually understood as literary effort.

* *

The *Purple* and the *Stylus* are two exchanges from which we always expect to derive profit and pleasure, and we are never disappointed. There is no issue of either of these papers that does not contain much in both thought and manner worthy to be read. The thought is usually above the average range of beginners, and the manner is noticeable for carefulness and dignity and ripeness.

Personals.

—Mrs. A. J. Frank, of Chicago, visited her son of Carroll Hall last week.

—Mr. Fred Kay entertained his mother during the first part of the week.

—Mr. A. W. Pendleton, of Chicago, spent last Wednesday with his son Alfred of Carroll Hall.

—Dr. E. P. Bergeron and wife, of Kankakee, Ill., visited their son Ivan during the early part of the week.

—Mr. Adam Schmitt, of the American Book Company, Cincinnati, spent a few hours visiting the University last Tuesday.

—Mrs. John Wagner, of Lafayette, Ind., who has been visiting her daughter, of St. Mary's Academy, made a welcome call at the University a few days ago.

—Thomas H. Murphy, of Port Huron, Mich., a graduate of the University of Michigan and of Leipsic, was the guest of the University a short time ago. His visit was a pleasant, though a short one.

—Among this week's most welcome visitors was Mr. William Hake, one of the most prominent citizens of Grand Rapids, Mich. He was visiting his sons Edward and Louis, of Carroll Hall, and his many friends among the Faculty. Mr. Hake has always been a staunch friend of the University, and all his sons have been educated here. His visits will always be welcome and looked for.

—We have pleasure in recording that of the immense number of pictures exhibited at the Champs de Mars this season, some drawings of Mr. J. H. Paradis (Class '90) are among the work thought worthy of special mention in the press reports. Mr. Paradis, Fred Long and Will Morrison were the artists of the SCHOLASTIC Staff of '90. We are proud of J. H. and shall never be happy until he becomes President of the National Academy.

Local Items.

—The band-concert was good. Give us more.

—Rush Medical will be here next Friday. They defeated us last year, and we'll retaliate.

—The class of Criticism are now reading "As You Like It." Costello says he likes it.

—Last week the class of Literature finished a study of Macbeth. A study of Lear will be taken up next.

—Let us take defeat gracefully, boys, and work up. Our next will be a victory, and Rush Medical the vanquished.

—Although the Carrolls encountered the St. Joseph's team with a maimed nine, they held this much-vaunted team to a score of 8-6.

—To all anxious inquirers it is announced that there is no resemblance between Herron and the heron except in the length of legs.

—The Carroll Bulletins were read out last Wednesday evening. At the conclusion, Father Morrissey expressed himself satisfied with the work of the past two months.

—Bro. Laurence took the boys for the most pleasurable walk of the year last Thursday morning before breakfast. The Carrolls hope that they will have many more.

—With joy and all kinds of pleasurable feelings the Carrolls took their first swim Thursday. All, from the small "paddler" to the master of the over-hand and side strokes, enjoyed themselves.

—The Carrolls Second nine Specials and Mr. Edward Herron's team played an exhibition game of baseball in which the score was 15-14 in favor of the second nine. The features were two home runs by Herron.

—Various organizations of the University had their pictures taken last week by a visiting photographer. The photographs are excellently finished, and all those wishing mementoes should secure them.

—Heard in Modern History.—PROFESSOR: "What good did the Irish immigrations do this country, Mr. Wilson?"

WILSON: "I think they helped to preserve order."

ECHO: "On the police force."

—Little Johnnie Sullivan, of St. Joseph's Hall, has been accused of writing the following as a duty for Third Algebra:

"Mary had a little lamb
That followed at her heel,
But now the lamb must stay at home,
For Mary rides a wheel."

—Nearly two hours had passed by, and there was a longing hope in our breasts that he would never do it again. It was a fond hope and two hours silence was reassuring. But when our hopes were at the highest, they were ruthlessly dashed to the ground, for he said solemnly and

slowly that all might hear: "I believe 'rec' makes the boys reckless."

—In the departure of Mr. Frank O'Malley the Local column loses one of its best reporters. A too close application to his classes, and a return of bronchial trouble forced him to discontinue work for the present session; but he will return next September, when we shall give him a hearty welcome.

—Mr. Berry of Missouri has issued a challenge to any and all comers. Great talent has been secured with an especially strong battery. Berry says that in his games with Burke's men he won by a score of 17-17. He says that the feature of the game was the playing of his newly signed catcher.

—"Chatanooga" is emphatic in his assertions that it is a shame that the Carrolls are not allowed to belong to the boat crews. He says, though they're not ducks, how does any one expect them to evolve from the duckling state unless they're permitted to go nearer the water. Father, may we go out to boat? No, no, my darling children. Alack-a-day!

—Along the cement walks, just beneath the Carroll study-hall, are strewn bits of broken glass. They are remnants of old preserve bottles, and they were plainly thrown from the windows of Carroll Hall. This casting of refuse from the windows should be stopped at once. It is more than thoughtlessness, it is a bit of vandalism to cover the cement walks with objects that will destroy the tires of bicycles. Our wheel-men should find the offenders and give them the treatment they deserve.

—The Montreal *True Witness*, May 6, reprints a poem entitled "The Awakening," by M. J. C. (Costello) and in an editorial, "College Students," says: "Among the college monthlies are our Ottawa University *Owl* and the SCHOLASTIC of Notre Dame University, Indiana, some on their contributions being worthy of a place if the prominent publications of the country." While we appreciate the gracious compliment of the *True Witness*, we desire to correct the error into which it has fallen,—the SCHOLASTIC, unlike most other college journals, is a weekly and not a monthly.

—If a stranger were to look over Brownson campus on a rec-day, he'd think, and with reason, that the baseball players had been through the rag-bags of all the surrounding country teams. It is hard to find two players dressed alike; many of them can hardly keep together the shreds and tatters given them. In Carroll Hall we find a different state of affairs: there the suits are clean and whole. Either new uniforms are needed in Brownson Hall, or the ones they have are not taken care of.

Since the above was written the Varsity have received new caps. They just look too nice for anything. But when they get new shoe-laces, oh! won't they be utterly utter!

—The game of last Thursday gave the lovers of the fantastic here a chance to bring out fashions of their own designing. Among them all Confer and Regan moved as "princes on our block." Both were dressed in white duck trousers, white shoes and white caps. Confer wore a gorgeous gold-and-blue sweater, while Regan brought from its hiding-place the gem that *she* made him in the long ago. And it *was* a marvel, white as a lily and showing off to best advantage that noble Californian form; and as his breast rose and fell 'neath the ardor of his enthusiasm, the gold-and-blue pennant, worked in many a delicate stitch in the orange groves and under the blue that domes the American Italy, seemed to wave triumphantly. Both gentlemen desire to announce to their friends that there are no more pictures left—sorry, but they must retrench on such luxuries as presents,—"Sweet Caprals," you know.

—It was nine o'clock; the twilight had faded, and the bull-frogs were crooning to the silent stars. The lake was in a constant ripple, like a field of oats, stirred by the gentle zephyrs. The turtles and other chelonians were silent under the darkened waters, but their taciturnity was fully balanced by the raucous notes of the bull-frogs. Suddenly from the lake ascended a most unearthly shriek, whose sound permeated the atmosphere for miles around. The bull-frogs ceased their raspings for a space, and the breeze stood still for a moment. The ripples died out of the water, and the turtles might be noticed digging hiding-places in the soft marl in the bed of the lake. The robins fled frightened from the boughs of the neighboring maples. Nature, in fine, seemed much annoyed at the breaking of her rest. But what was the cause of the commotion? Verily, it was Rosey's first swim, and the coldness of the water.

—The "Fatter Tommies" and the "Weary Waggles" played another game on the 4th inst., but the time was too short for them to finish before the bell rang for Vespers. Mr. McManus, in the absence of Bryan and Gaukler, who feared trouble, acted as umpire, and to such effect that *Das Kind*, the pitcher, quit in the first inning. He was quite indignant. Mr. Marmon took his place in the box, but he soon ceded it to Prof. Love, who, though he has not played ball since he was thirty years old, pitched a magnificent game. Reardon made some grand-stand catches behind the bat. Bennett pitched for the "F. T's," and Ryan caught. Both did effective work, especially the former in shouting "Judgment?" to the umpire. Many old players were conspicuous by their absence, notably Mott and Cavanagh. The features of the game were a philosophical debate at centre field between Boru and the Count on the question, "Which of us is the better player?" and a mighty war of words between Bennett and the umpire. The game will be resumed on the 10th. All are respectfully invited to attend.

—Did you see '96 last Thursday? If you didn't you could surely have heard them, for the noise they made not only woke up '97 but the whole country around. Their turn-out was the swellest on the field. In the finest band-wagon that South Bend could afford drawn by four handsome horses and decorated with gold and blue bunting, the Class swept through the main entrance and into the grounds with bugles playing and horns tooting. You couldn't hear yourself think for the din. Every man in the Class was armed with a Japanese parasol, a gold and blue pennant, a cane, a horn, and a pair of lusty lungs, and they did create a big sensation. They stood by the Varsity through thick and thin, and their lungs are in such shape now that the doctors say that they *may* be able to speak in time to deliver their orations in June. The Class of '97 was also present. Their turn-out was not quite so elaborate as that of '96, but every man was chock full of enthusiasm. They bore a banner which gave great offence to '96 and the public, and '96 proceeded to capture it, which they did after a brief, but hot fight. Barring this little incident there were no hostile demonstrations on the part of '96, and now the members of the two classes are as friendly as ever.

—Just after the game last Thursday, Browne resigned the captaincy of the team. This action was not a hasty one, nor was it done because Northwestern gave us such a trouncing; Browne had thought the matter over and came to the conclusion to give up his position. He declared his intention to the manager last Monday, but only his most intimate friends knew it. Not all their persuasions could shake his resolution. It seems that his choice of players gave offence to some who fancied that they should be given places on the team because they claimed to be his friends; but Browne wasn't seeking popularity: they didn't get places, and thus he created enemies. Unwilling that this state of affairs should continue, he resigned. The only fault to be found with Browne was that he was too lenient with his men; if he had given them some hard knocks, some little sense might have penetrated their craniums.

Daly is the new captain, and he has begun already to make himself felt. The men realize that they must work hard to keep their positions. His changes will effect good results. The removal of Kelly from first was a necessity; Bulger is a better man for the position and a sure batter. Hindel should be made to do team-work; we cannot afford to keep a player who seeks his own glory and the satisfaction thereof. Willie's posing in individual playing is beautiful, but the finances of the Athletic Association won't allow us to keep a photographer constantly on the ground. Daly should be among the infielders; Browne should be on second or third. The men in the infield should be made to play in closer during practice.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Bryan, Eyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, Marmon, J. Murphy, Miller, McManus, McNamara, Magruder, Marr, McDonough, Ney, Pulskamp, Palmer, Prichard Reilly, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Sanders, Slevin, Stace, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, J. W. Browne, Brennan, Bowlin, R. Browne, Berthelet, Brucker, E. Campbell, Chase, Crilly, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Carney, Crane, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, Duperier, Dowd, Dukette, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Farrell, Fitzgerald, Farley, Ferguson, Goeke, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gebhart, Hay, F. Hesse, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Hennebry, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Minge, Mattingly, Medley, Miller, Murphy, B. Monahan, Maurus, Murray, Meyers, Mueller, Menig, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McPhee, McKenzie, McCormack, McNamara, Niezer, Naughton, Neeley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Pulskamp, Phelps, Paras, T. Ryan, G. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Smith, Schermerhorn, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tong, Tuhey, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, G. Wilson, Wigg, Wagner, Wensinger, R. Wilson, L. Wurzer.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, J. Berry, W. Berry, Burns, G. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Fuhrer, Flynn, Fennessey, Fox, Foster, Fischer, Frank, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gerardi, Hermann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Hunt, Jelonak, Keeffe, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, Kirk, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Lovett, Leach Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Lehman Moorhead, Meagher, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, Mulcare, L. Meagher, Mooney, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, Noonan, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, J. Nugh-ton, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Pulford, Page, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Stearns, Scott, Schönenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Sanford, Saul, Schaffhauser, Tescher, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Weadock, Welker, Webb, Newell.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, F. Breslin, J. Bullene, I. Bergeron, W. Bullen, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. G. Davis, Buell Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, O. Ehrlich, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, N. Freeman, Kune, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Weidner, F. Welch, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, W. Hall, M. Jonqué, G. Wilde, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattee, G. Quertmont, E. Quertmont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite, L. Weber.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Church History—Messrs. J. Barry, Reardon, Costello; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Kegler, Delaney, Cornell, Schoenbein; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Stace, Shannon; *Logic*—Messrs. Costello, Reilly, L. Wurzer, H. Wilson; *Latin*—Messrs. Slevin, Ragan, Reilly, M. Campbell, Minge, M. Oswald, Trahey, Gallagher, Byrne; *Greek*—Messrs. J. Barry, Costello, M. Campbell, Lantry, Reilly, M. Oswald, Fennessey, Shannon, Slevin, McNamara, Ragan, Lowery; *Astronomy*—Messrs. J. Murphy, Burns, Stace; *Civil Engineering*—J. Murphy; *Mechanics of Engineering*—Messrs. J. Murphy, W. Marr; *Higher Surveying*—J. Miller; *Land Surveying*—E. Delaney; *Chemistry*—Messrs. Geoghegan, Sheehan, McDonald, Ragan; *Organic Chemistry*—J. Rosenthal; *Physics*—Messrs. Delaney, Sheehan; *Electricity*—Messrs. F. Hesse, Palmer, McDonald; *Calculus*—J. Haydon; *Analytical Geometry*—Messrs. Arce, Gallagher, Geoghegan, Steiner; *Trigonometry*—G. Stuhlfauth; *Geometry*—Messrs. Flynn, F. Wurzer; *Algebra*—Messrs. Steiner, Flynn, Long, H. Miller, C. Wurzer, Smoger; *Belles-Lettres*—A. Stace; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. J. Barry, Hengen, Reilly, Ragan; *Literature*—Messrs. Corr, Sheehan, H. Wurzer; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Confer, F. O'Malley; *Political Economy*—A. Stace; *History*—E. Bryan; *Geology*—W. Fagan; *Advanced Botany*—J. Rosenthal; *Botany*—Messrs. E. Pulskamp, Dukette, Delaney; *Zoology*—Messrs. McDonough, Nieuwland; *Anatomy*—W. Fagan; *Advanced Histology*—J. Rosenthal; *Biology*—Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Harrison; *Microscopy*—Messrs. Harrison, E. Kelly.

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SPECIAL COURSES.

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